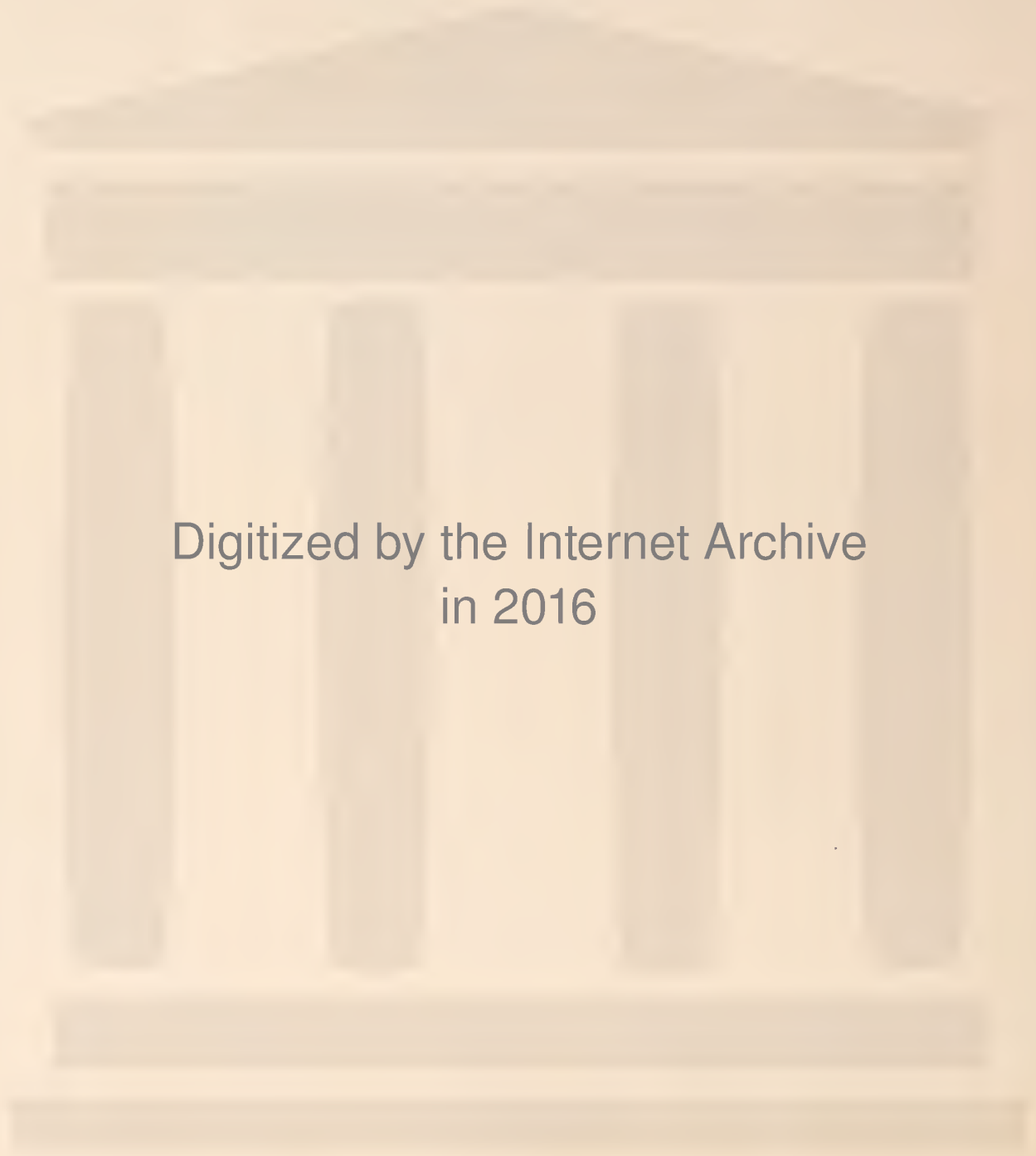


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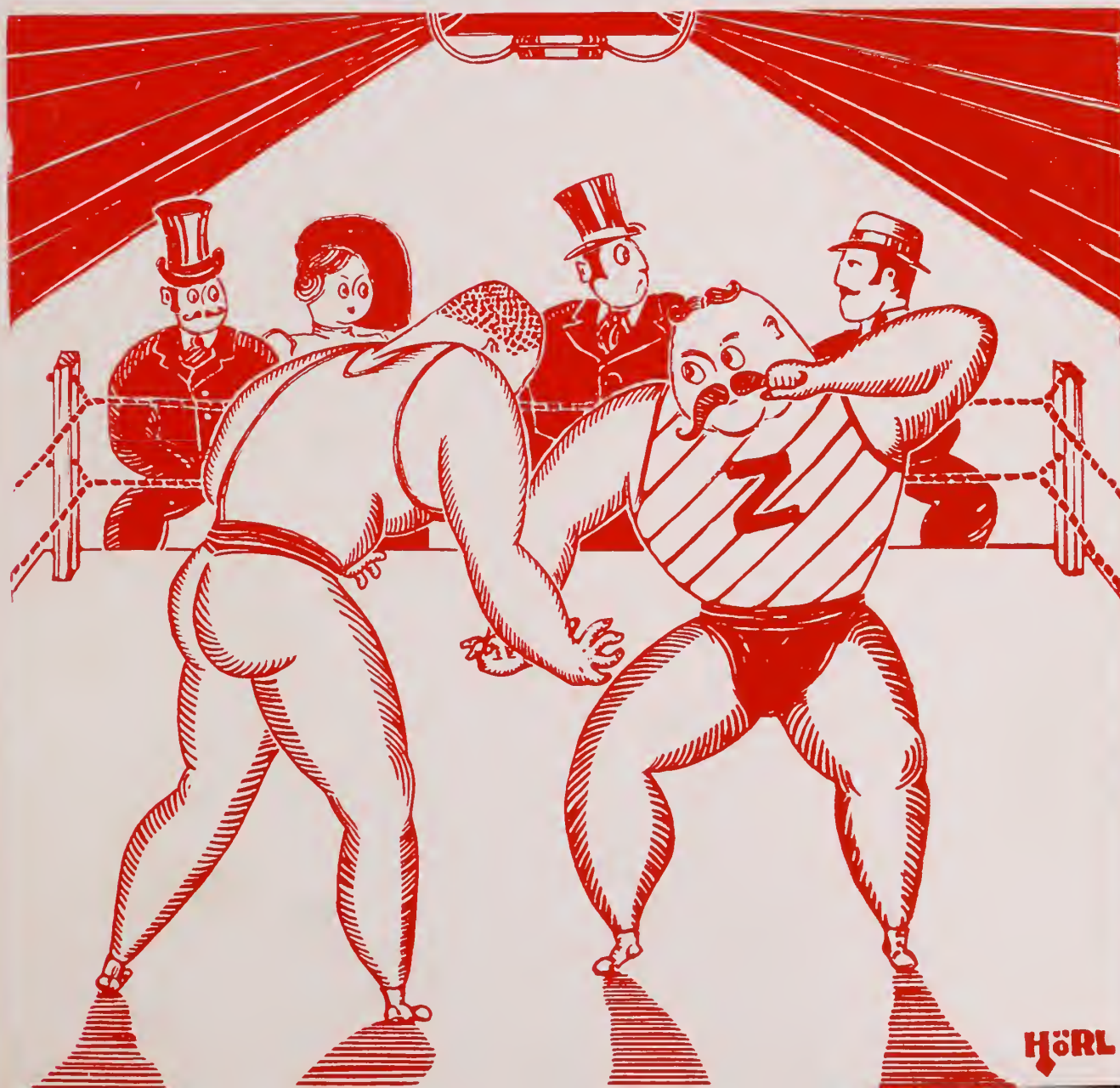
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MARCH 1934

25c

# THE LEHIGH BURR





ARE YOU A  
 Phone  
 Booth  
 Artist?



## Those penciled scrawls are a sign of jangled nerves

If you're the stolid, phlegmatic sort of person who doesn't feel things very deeply, you'll probably never have to worry about nerves. But if you're high-strung, alive, sensitive, watch out.

See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your nails, jump at unex-

pected noises—they're signs of *jangled nerves*.

So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

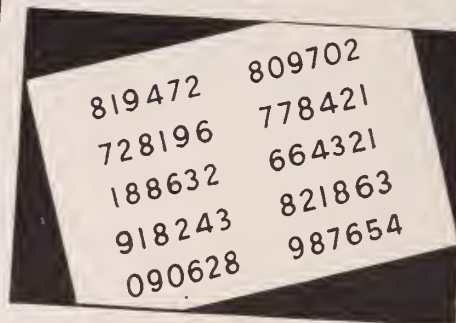
For Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how steadily you smoke.

### COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



### How are YOUR nerves? TRY THIS TEST



Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

# CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

1: "That's a pretty dress you have on."

2: "Yes, I only wear it to teas."

1: "Who?"

—Voo-Doo

●  
Toastmaster, introducing speaker: "I'm sure Mr. Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject."

—Whirl Wind

●  
And we always have that frosh who thinks smelling salts are sailors with B. O.

—Voo-Doo

●  
And then there was the persistent lawyer who spent a whole evening trying to break a girl's will.

—Phoenix

●  
Oh—"I found out Garbo doesn't love me."

Yeah—"Oh, do you know her?"

Oh—"No, I just tried it on a daisy."

—Dirge

●  
Heebe: "Did you know that women were in politics many thousands of years ago?"

Jeebe: "No, where did you get that?"

Heebe: "Well, it is stated that Salome's motion was received by the house with loud applause."

—Exchange

●  
Dean—"Don't you know you shouldn't play strip poker?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, it's perfectly all right. It's really not gambling."

Dean—"What!"

S. Y. T.—"No; you see we get our clothes back."

—Utah Crimson

●  
It was on top of a crowded bus in Chicago.

"Low bridge!" shouted the conductor to the passengers. "Everyone keep his seat and face to the front."

A gay little flapper up forward turned around, smiled sweetly, and said, "My dear, you know that can't be done."

—Log

●  
Why do you suppose Kipling said he'd rather have a pipe than a woman?

Dunno—unless it's because it's easier to get a pipe hot.

—Log

He used to walk in the moonlight with one arm full. Now he walks in the bedroom with both arms full.

—Green Gander

●  
He bowed his head, while his faithful servants filed from the room. Then turning to his God, he knelt as in prayer. Slowly he raised his eyes to the idol. Softly his lips parted, and then as if in prayer, he intoned, "Buddha, can you spare a dime?"

—Penn State Froth

●  
Optician—Weak eyes have you? Well, how many lines can you read on that chart?

Patient—What chart?

—Exchange

●  
"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching at the girl's waist.

"No it ain't either," she retorted. "It's only a girdle."

—Punch Bowl

●  
Under the spell of a summer moon

I asked a maid to wed me soon;

The maiden, sighing, answered "No,"

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!

—Green Griffin

●  
Pullman Conductor: "Boy, what's the idea of the lantern on that berth?"

Over-Zealous Porter: "Look here, boss. Here in rule thirteen it says—always hang a red lantern, when the rear of a sleeper is exposed."

—Exchange

●  
"Do you believe in the stork?"

"Why should I? I've been pretty lucky so far."

—Purple Parrot

●  
"I understand Mrs. Smear objects to the traffic light outside her windows."

"Yes, she says the red light casts such a reflection on her apartment."

—Life

●  
"I was out fishing yesterday with my girl!"

"Catch anything?"

"My goodness, I hope not!"

—Phoenix

●  
Valet (to master): "Sir, your car is at the door."

Master: "Yes, I hear it knocking."

—Yowl



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# THE LEHIGH BURR

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Vol. LI

March, 1934

No. 6

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## CONTRIBUTORS

BRISKER  
KRASNER  
PUTNAM  
BLASKY  
FINLAY

*Judging by the over-abundance of ill-mannered and rash threats and by our exclusion from the Moravian socializings, Windshield's line has had a successful cast. We continue same, catering to the Lehigh sophisticates. Repeated requests for a repetition of The Lehigh Lily is responsible for its presence. We hope you like it.*

THE BURROS.



## ARE WE RIGHT WHEN WE SAY

that when you come to a New York hotel whether business or pleasure bent for a day, a week, a month or longer, there are certain requirements you consider essential, certain conveniences you have every reason to expect, and still other features that, while not imperative, do add immeasurably to your comfort. We pride ourselves on the fact that so many people always return to the Hotel Times Square. The obvious reason is that our service, our facilities and our location meet the demands of a great majority of visitors to New York.

## You Will Appreciate the Fact That

our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfortable, there is an R.C.A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are immaculate.

## If a Convenient Location Is Important

when you stay here you are within a few minutes walk, not taxi, of all theatres, Radio city, Madison Square Garden and innumerable restaurants and night clubs, all transportation lines, subway, elevated, surface cars and buses are but a step from your front door. Excellent garage facilities are immediately adjacent, and your car will be called for and delivered.

## Your Meals While You Are With Us

there are few spots in New York that are more thoroughly home-like and informal than our new Early American Grill and Restaurant. You will enjoy excellent meals well served at most reasonable prices. The special combination breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are most attractive.

## A Message to Managers

we invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

## — RATES —

Daily: From \$2.00 to \$3.00 Single; \$3.00 to \$4.00 Double  
None Higher

SPECIAL WEEKLY OR MONTHLY RATES

## All Expense Excursions

Room food and lots of outside entertainment for the week-end, or any two days.....\$ 5.50  
Or for any three days—a full program of activity—day or night .....\$10.00

When writing for details and descriptive circular "C"  
please mention the publication you are reading

## HOTEL TIMES SQUARE

Under Direction Wm. S. Brown  
Times Square, New York

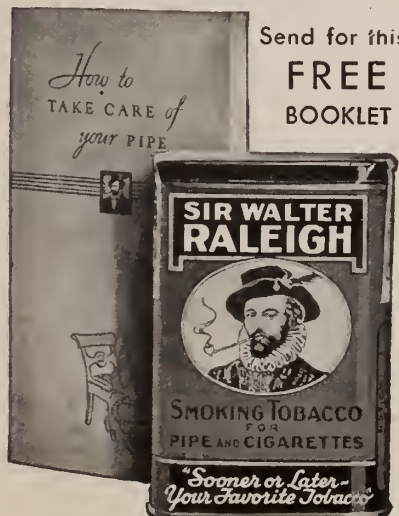
**"BUT WHAT DOES  
HE LOOK LIKE,  
DEAR?"**



TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never could see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gassy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-42.



Send for this  
**FREE  
BOOKLET**

**It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder**

## BALLADE FOR HOLLYWOOD

I hate la Garbo's "paddock" walk,  
That from-the-hips style, as they  
rave.

And Gloria Swanson's table talk  
Will drive me to an early grave.  
Miss Constance Bennett is a bore  
When trying to put on the ritz.  
I can't stand Pickford any more:  
**My favorite gal is Zasu Pitts.**

That Dietrich flash leaves me  
quite chill,  
Unmoved and unimpressed, blase.  
Kay Francis is an outworn thrill,  
While Mae West's simply de-  
classé.

Though Nancy Carroll has red  
hair  
She fails to rouse my manly "hitz."  
With me Joan Crawford gets no-  
where:

**My favorite gal is Zasu Pitts.**

Jean Harlow's curves I cheerfully  
grant,  
I grant Diana Wynward's looks.  
But these girls cannot make me  
pant  
To read their lives and loves in  
books.  
For Wynward's just another nose,  
And Harlow's curves confuse my  
wits.

I am a simple man, God knows:  
**My favorite gal is Zasu Pitts.**

## ENVOI

Dear reader, lest I give you pain,  
Right now I'll call it more than  
quits.

I merely wished to make quite  
plain:

**My favorite gal is Zasu Pitts.**

—Medley

## Big News

Annie Rutz, daughter of the lo-  
cal candy storekeeper, is the Vir-  
gin Mary in this year's produc-  
tion of the Passion Play at Ober-  
ammergau. She is the first blond  
Virgin for a century.

—Town and Country

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J. A. Trimble Co.  
Wilbur Trust Company  
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Paramount Business Service

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\* Offers Four - Year Courses in  
Arts and Science  
Business Administration  
Chemistry  
Chemical Engineering  
Civil Engineering  
Electrical Engineering  
Engineering Physics  
Industrial Engineering  
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—  
For Information Address  
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## J. A. TRIMBLE CO.

## NEW WAY SYSTEM LAUNDRY

Bethlehem's Best Laundry  
Thirteenth and Union Boulevard  
PHONE 70

## THE COCKTAIL HOUR

If Uncle Sam is going broke  
It seems that we must do our part.  
Come on my friends this is no  
joke,

Let's give the liquor tax a start!  
Each fifth of whiskey or of gin  
Will make your income tax let  
up;

It's legal now to pour in,  
So, waiter, make one more set-up.  
O'Reilly, when he's off his beat,  
Can take a quick one with Mc-  
Sweeney;

And any cop on any street  
Appreciates a good Martini.  
The nation debt is creeping up,  
And if we would avoid the jitters,  
We might as well start keeping  
up,

So pass around the gin and bitters.  
To be completely patriotic  
And make the country self-sus-  
taining,

With drinks old - fashioned or  
exotic  
It's time that we went into train-  
ing.

So drink a toast, while you are  
able,

In rye or sherry, port or brandy;  
To make the money market stable,  
Just keep a cocktail shaker handy!

—Widow

## THE POET

There was a young man from  
Japan

Whose poetry never would scan.

When they said that the thing

Doesn't go with a swing,

He said, "I know, but I always  
try to crowd as many syl-  
lables into the last line as I  
absolutely can."

—Kitty Kat

"Why use a high crib for your  
baby?"

"So we can hear him when he  
falls out."

—Mercury

## REEVES, PARVIN & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS  
FEATURING for FRATERNITIES  
KNIGHTHOOD & LAKESIDE  
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

Represented by  
E. R. FRITCHMAN  
2nd and Hamilton Streets, Allentown, Penna.

James Branch Cabell  
Is above the rabble.

\* \* \*

If Heywood Broun  
Could only croon.

\* \* \*

Ezra Pound  
Is too profound.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Stein  
Is asinine.

## TYPEWRITING

MIMEOGRAPHING

MULTIGRAPHING

THESES - REPORTS - NOTES  
LETTERS - BULLETINS

PARAMOUNT  
BUSINESS SERVICE

311 Wilbur Trust Bldg.

PHONE 1218

## ELECTRIC LAUNDRY CO.

PHONE 36

We Use Ivory Soap Exclusively



"Say, mister," said a little fellow to a next door neighbor, "are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma says to come and take them back."

—Log

About the only thing that can lay down on the job and get results is a hen.

—Grinnell Malteaser

"What's the difference between a snake and a flea?"

"A snake crawls on its own stomach, but a flea's not so particular."

—Purple Parrot

A man and a boy were riding in a train one day. Upon entering, the boy had left the door open.

Shouted the man: "Get up and shut that damn door! Were you raised in a barn?"

The boy arose, closed the door, returned to his seat, and began crying. The man felt a bit remorseful and went over to the boy.

"Son, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he said softly.

"Oh, you didn't hurt my feelings," said the boy, "but I **was** raised in a barn and every time I hear a jackass bray it makes me homesick."

—Skipper

Wife (to drunk husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home, anyway."

—Battalion

Old Maid (hearing noise under bed)—Quick, Ida, the lights.

Ditto—But they're on.

Old Maid—Don't argue.

—Punch Bowl

"Why all the black crepe on the door? Is your room-mate dead?"

"That's no crepe; that's my room-mate's towel."

—Awgwan

Here Lies An Atheist

All Dressed Up And No Place To Go.

—Lyre

## Rau & Arnold

*Your Suit Is Here*

## THE WINNAH!

Ladies and gentlemen . . . . .

Gentlemen and Ladies . . . . .

Friends and readers . . . . .

### ANNOUNCING

The winner of the BURR-Life Saver joke contest . . . after months of deliberation, hours of consultation, and ten minutes of typewriting. The name of the lucky fellow

**FRANK HAWK**

The Committee of Awards and Prizes has presented Mr. Hawk a carton of Life Savers after seeing his joke reprinted from coast to coast.

## ARBOGAST *and* BASTIAN CO.

MEATS and PROVISIONS

U. S. Government Inspection

ALLENTOWN, PA.

## Hotel Bethlehem

TAP ROOM

Saturday Nite Dancing - - \$1.00 per couple

Tea Dancing — Every Afternoon  
COCKTAIL ROOM

REASONABLE RATES FOR  
DINNERS ::: DANCES

W. L. WESSELS,  
Managing Director

# TWO LEHIGH LOVES



## Tillie Schwenkle and Chesterfield Cigarettes

THEY BOTH WON LEHIGH'S LOVE IN THE BURR

Garbo, Harlow and Mae West shiver with the realization that Lehigh's got a new love . . . that charming, effervescent Tillie Schwenkle whose mincing step and witty parlance have displaced all other feminine loyalties on South Mountain. Her star is yet in the ascendancy amid the sighs of enraptured youths eager for her heretofore unrevealed love-life.

And Chesterfield Cigarettes, loyal part of the Lehigh BURR coincidentally gains the smoking tastes of BURR readers. Within the past three years Chesterfields have risen from third to first place in the affections of Lehigh smokers . . . ask Pete, the Lehigh tobacco authority . . . he knows.

For Chesterfield has consistently advertised in the BURR whose pages, like demure Tillie Schwenkle, are a part of Lehigh . . . arresting the attention of the student body and lingering on after school days are past.

● The creator of  
Tillie Schwenkle says:

Without the BURR Tillie Schwenkle would have gone on, unsung, unheralded, but triumphant even in her nonexistence. The BURR has fanned the flame of this woman adored, this creature of an ideal. Tillie dances, and sings and hides in closets to the tune of an old Lehigh Love song . . . the belly laugh.

—Plutarch Phnyatsch.



# Chesterfield

*the cigarette that's* **MILDER** *the cigarette that* **TASTES BETTER**





### Acres of Diamonds!

We just can't help telling you about the venture a friend of ours made into the field of animal training. The young lady had recently moved into the suburbs, and felt it her duty to acquire the protective coloring of a habitual suburbanite. Among her acquisitions was a collie pup. She resolved to train it herself and to make it one of the one-man dogs that she'd heard about somewhere. The first step, she decided, was to house-break the animal. Again her memory stood her in good stead. Conscientiously, each time the animal misbehaved, she nerved herself to force his nose into the unsavory remains, and then, after giving him several smart slaps, she was accustomed to throwing him out of the house. She continued her course of training for some three or four months, with no noticeable success. It was the iceman who finally disillusioned her. "Lady," said he to her, one day, "Lady, you got a damn

queer dog there." Under pressure from our friend he continued, explaining, "Lady, yesterday I walks into the kitchen, just minding my business. I see your dog over in the corner near the stove, and I see right away that that dog's doing what no dog shouldn't do in no kitchen. Well, lady, I let out a yell, and I started for that dog. Lady, you can believe me or not, but that dog, lady, that dog, he just stopped doing what he was doing, and he turned around, stuck his nose into that mess, let one long yelp, and ran like hell out of the house."

●  
Strange are the effects of the depression as they temper and mold the amorous dalliance of the assorted studentry of Lehigh. Two wistful sophomores wandered into Young's one night during the recent cold snap, seeking warmth and gaiety. It was just after the first show let out, and the emporium was crowded with the beauty and chivalry of South Bethlehem.

The bolder of the would-be-lovers soon found himself in conversation with a pair of receptive damsels. So receptive were they in fact, that a house date was quickly arranged. This settled, the gay blade picked up his gloves from the table and turned to inform his friend of what had happened. As he turned something caught his eye, and a sense of disaster rose up and slapped him. There, lying on the table, was a check for fifty cents. The sixty cents he knew to lie in his own pocket had to last for two days' meals. His friend, he knew was fixed the same way. They pondered, and finally evolved a plan. The maker of the date went back to the ladies, explained that they had some business which would keep them busy for some fifteen or twenty minutes, but that they would be back then, and would the girls be ready to leave then, because it was getting late. Having gotten that off, the two gallants departed into the outer



darkness. It was zero weather outside, and by the time fifteen minutes had passed, the cold had penetrated to the inner depths. They waited a while longer, and then peered through the store window at their dates. The latter had by now taken off their coats and lit cigarettes, and seemed quite comfortable. The check continued to flaunt itself before the two purple nosed heroes. They resumed their vigil, and ten more ice laden minutes dragged by. Even the prospect of a hungry day could no longer keep the students out in the cold, and they stumbled into Young's, stiff and cold. After thawing out a bit, the two couples prepared to leave, one of the youths sadly picking up the check. When they got to the cashier, he sadly laid the check down and prepared to delve into his pocket. The numbness of his hand hindered him, but at length he brought forth the fifty cents for which he had braved the cold so long. He laid it on the counter and turned toward the open door. The cashier's voice called him

back. "Here, what's this for?" Pointing at the check, the student turned again to the door, but again he was called back. "Buddy," said the youth, that's all I have. If you want any more I'll have to pay you later." "What I'm trying to tell you," said the cashier, "is that that ain't no bill, that there is a receipt."

•

After looking through the Freshman Handbook, we find little to commend it to a frosh with any intellectual curiosity. Dry, staid reports on academic subjects will ne'er appeal to the up and coming youngster of today. We suggest a few alternative subjects:

The color of President Richards' pyjamas.

The names of Doc. Carothers "smawl boys."

Jeanette Cleveland's diary for 1928. (Jan. 11.)

How the "Old Maid's Delight" got its name.

Number of records in Professor Shields' Cab Calloway collection.

Why Prof. Percy Hughes carries a coin in his left hip pocket during exams.

Location of Dr. Beardslee's "Personal Opinion" sign.

Mrs. Dacey's opinions on Birth Control.

Mrs. Dacey's opinions on Birth.

Mrs. Dacey's opinions.

Titles of French Postcards in second drawer of Professor Howland's desk.

Date of Bosey Reiter's gay nineties tuxedo.

Name of Dr. Bull's first Polo pony.

Name of the circus Billy Burkhardt trapezed in.

Where the fencing team hides.

Whether Kyle Crichton went to Lehigh.

Why Dr. Carothers' Secretary walks to work.

Why the Registrar's office is referred to as the "Harem."

When does Washington's Head near the Lookout nod; and why hasn't it done so for seventeen years.



# DILEMMAS

*How to train and make a pet of dilemmas. Also correct position for dilemma-horn riding.*

by NORMAN ALPER

"Dilemmas have come into their own," so says no less an authority than the author of this article, an old dilemma trainer and winner of the 1902 Carbon County Cross Country Dilemma Horn Riding contest. Yes indeed, these past few years have shown an increasing use of dilemmas in



the United States. Prior to 1929 it was popularly believed that the gasoline car had superceded the horse and that the following years would see all riding done in automobiles. The gasoline people, however reckoned without the strongly organized dilemma adherents. Who, and this includes

you, Major Fitzgin, has ever ridden a dilemma and later been content with the slowness and discomfort of an automobile? The answer is self-evident and so we shall dwell no longer on that subject.

The training of dilemmas is an especially interesting subject, although it must be admitted that dilemmas are usually trained for ulterior motives. The purpose of most dilemma trainers' patient work is to enable them to say at some smart and gay gathering, like Mickey's or Mooch's or The Gallant Fox on East 51st Street in New York, "I've just been riding on the horns of my pet dilemma." Upon uttering the aforesaid words the utterer is at once recognized to be a dilemma-trainer and fancier by all those present and is treated accordingly. One day while discussing my pet dilemma "Mortimer" I was treated to an exhibition of rare old Japanese prints. Another time I was offered a cigarette. Dilemma training pays dividends. You too can be the life of the party. Send for the free booklet, remembering to enclose the two-dollar postage and you'll soon be a dilemma trainer yourself. Ah what blissful moments you can have astride your own pet dilemma. Just picture yourself, you are riding up the Bois amidst rioting Frenchmen. Everyone rushes frantically towards the Bastille or the Cafe de la Paix or Louie's or some place crying "Viola, la dilemma—Can you not see yourself? Can you? Ah,

the happy moments. As the French say "C'est la vie."

This year 1934 promises to be the biggest year in dilemma riding history. Reports from Washington, the seat of dilemma fanciers, show that the government is using more dilemmas than automobiles. It is reported further that President Roosevelt is using more dilemmas than automobiles. It is further reported that President Roosevelt is a rabid dilemma fancier and scarcely the day goes by that he cannot be found riding astride the horns of one of his many, many pet dilemmas.





# Exotic

# Esoteric

# Erotica

## REMINISCENCES

I was born a long time ago  
But I still feel pretty young yet  
I've had my beer and I've had  
my gin  
And I've had my women you bet  
The parties were many and varied  
The life was Bohemian indeed  
For love or sex or for orgy  
I have yet to be found in need  
Wine and the things to be drunk  
And the lassies who love to love  
Have come to me very steadily  
As gifts from Zeus above.  
I have never found myself lonely  
Or burning with feverish desire  
For I am the EATER of OPIUM  
And of dreams I never shall tire.



## A BELATED VALENTINE

I hate to pen so trite a line  
As Will You Be My Valentine.  
It is very ridiculous  
And also quite pediculous.  
A myriad of mediocre bards  
Have printed it on five cent cards.  
Using it shows a lack of originality. I deplore  
The use of it. It's atrocious  
And common. It makes me ferocious  
To see it so often displayed  
That Love, itself, becomes cliched.  
That line vexes me full sore. On  
The level, only a moron—  
Only a goof, a stupid punk  
Would dare to send a girl such  
junk.  
A guy who writes it must be dumb  
And his love must be quite numb.  
On that point we should both  
agree . . .  
At least it seems that way to me.  
But one thing tell me sweetheart  
mine,  
Eer - r WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

## LOVE ON THE WING

I sailed the seas from Nome to Cape Town  
And gave my all in dear old Paree,  
Take it from me I've been around  
Now I'm satisfied to retire from the sea.  
Foreign wonders amaze the visitors  
As does the foreign art,  
But foreign women are real wonders  
So give me foreign parts.  
There was sweet Lolita the Mexican flower vendor  
Who gave me happy leave to spend a  
Little time in her hacienda. Gee how  
I hated to dent her fender.  
And there was Olga the Russian prancer  
Who almost made me lose my pantsa  
When over a cup of fiery vodka  
She gave me a fancy Russian nod-ka  
Cellini, Angelo, Botticelli  
Should have seen Rosa shake her — shoulders.  
One never can quite grasp the arts  
Until they've seen some foreign parts.  
In Avalon town erotic Carmencita was  
The fanciest dish a man could get.  
Talk about dishes, I was food for the fishes.  
How that gal could castanet.  
In Baden-Baden things went from baden to worsen  
When a blond fraulein left me in a condition chronic.  
This sizzling frankfurter was my Bay Rum,  
And I was her Herr Tonic.  
There's no skating on thin ice in Holland,  
My breaks didn't work so I couldn't use my clutch.  
Gretel was as thick as the ice in Holland,  
Who said it was easy to get in Dutch.  
In Australia from a naughty Rabbit,  
I almost contracted a very bad habit.  
But I made the little Tempter cower  
When I used my will power.  
And in the land of the Tower Eiffel,  
I met a dainty, luscious eyeful.  
There is no music that does so entrance  
As a lover's rounded lay in France.  
But weary grew my bones, and dim became  
My eyes which once the treasures did behold,  
Of distant lands both equatorial  
And realms of icy cold.  
Thus does my tale end in happy  
Memories of joyful dissipation  
That leaves behind the wherewithal  
Of sorrowful elation.



Guys who cut classes  
Go out on their ear

# THE LEHIGH - LILY -

— — — “That was no  
lady, that was THE  
LILY.”

## SCHWENKLE SCION SEEN SPENDING

### CHORUS CUTIES CHIZZEL CHUMP TIGHTWAD THADDEUS THROWS THOUSANDS BABES BEST BUTZTOWN BANKER

The night life of Bethlehem has been given a new luster with the inroads made by Thaddeus Schwenkle, heir to the Schwenkle thousands and uncle of the famed ballerina Tillie Schwenkle. Thaddeus T. Schwenkle, well-known Butztown banker and scion of the Schwenkle family has annexed the role of Bethlehem's playboy as a result of his midnight marauding with members of the Colonial vaudeville troupe. The forty-year old bank president has been squiring the ladies of the vaudevillian chorus about fair "Bedlam" with nary a thought as to the price he pays. Nick Polopolis, well known Fourth Street hot-dog vendor reports that Thaddeus has been spending as much as fifty cents a night, appeasing the insatiable appetites of various and big-hipped blondes. Five

hamburgers mean nothing to that monied man, says Nick.

The most recent escapade of terrible Thaddeus was his surprise



at discovering that Violet la Vie, Colonial Theatre headliner, was the wife of the trapeze performer in the first act. Thaddeus, after

having fed Violet four hamburgers with onions escorted her home-wards to the Washington hotel and with the thoughts of a frustrated youth planned to kiss her ere she bade him the conventional good-night. Upon reaching the steps of the Washington Hotel, after alighting from his 1921 Cadillac, Thaddeus was met at the door by Audrey Priscilla, the trapezian husband of la belle Violet. "H'ya Butch,," declaimed the dove-like Audrey. "And a pleasant evening to you," said Thaddeus. "An' wot are you doing with my wife?" asked Audrey. The banker was at a loss, as are many bankers in these troubled times and merely mumbled his good-byes, hopped into his chariot and was off to Butztown, sadder and wiser for the experience.

And little Audrey laughed and laughed and laughed.

# LA DANSE MODERNE

*Explained and illustrated by Bethlehem's Ballerina Bucolic*

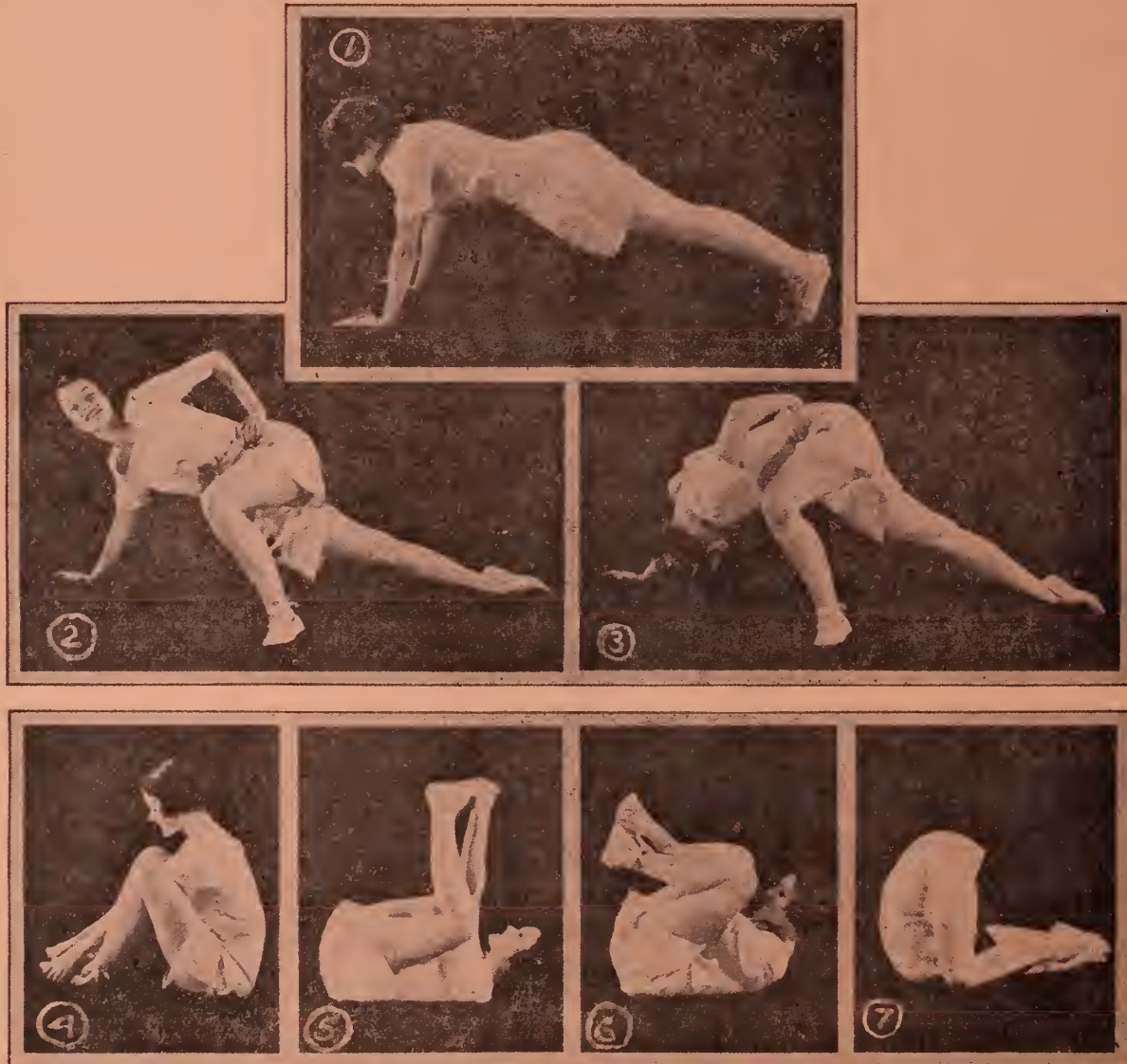
## TILLIE SCHWENKLE

In this, my first installment I shall endeavor to acquaint you with the Phnyatsch Pharandole, a step so new that even I, who originated it, do not yet know it. The Phnyatsch Pharandole, is something like the Roosevelt Rigadoon, which is one step forward and two steps backwards and then slide.

Instead of the slide, the Phnyatsch Pharandole tripudiates with a quick bend of the neck to the ankle and then carries on to a carmagnole-like crackling of the hips. Slowly letting oneself down to the floor extend the arms in all four directions, North, South, East and West, and with a gesture of

despair, pousetting to all comers, "Last one onto the floor's a coryphee."

In my next lesson I shall acquaint you with the Saltarello, which is another dance, used to get up off the floor. If you prefer, you can stay on the floor and miss the next installment.





# PETASUS PILFERED

## Dean's Dicer Ducks

In Other  
Words  
Somebody  
Stole the  
Dean's Hat



Yes!  
Somebody  
Swiped the  
Dean's  
Skimmer

### THAT BESTOR!

Chaos, chaos, chaos and confusion. It was Spring, the snow-covered glen resounded with the twittering of decolette-gowned demoiselles du pave, du bois and du dumpkopf. All was merry on South Mountain whose oft mentioned breast dripped with the melting snows . . . In plainer words it was cold as hell, "aye bitter chill it was" (Keats . . . thanks Johnny). Everyone was freezing except your old correspondent who stayed home and heard it all on the radio . . . Suddenly into the din and glare there stumbled a minor, under age, his head was bald and bare. "Hey" he yelled "is that Bestor here?" "No" shouted one of the paying guests, a sucker if ever there was one, "the Bestor's yet to come."

Suddenly a hush fell, like a shoulder strap from a pink female

physique. In stepped the Dean, smiling and rosy, preceded by his hat. Ah, hat, little did you wreck what the night held in store. Came a chorused shout "Dean, dean, dean, where the mischief have you been?" On went the dance, from gavotte to schottische and back to Westchester and then to the Lindy Hop, mincing, prancing dance of effervescent youth. The music stopped with a bang. "One of you here is a hound of Hell."

"And who was that?" rebounded from the furthestmost corner.

"It's the guy wot stole my hat," this from J. Chezwickham Fysh-Fysh. "A hat, a hat, my word who's got my hat?"

On and on went the blood-curdling cry of the hat-hunter, now joined by a myriad of his ilk. The *Fedora Sextette* pranced out of the check-room where they had

been hidden. Up stepped the dean and he stoppeth one of three. "By thy long grey beard and glittering eye, now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

"The chaperone-Dean sat on a stone

He cannot choose but ken  
And thus lamented of his hat  
The bright-eyed Dean of men."

'TIS BETTER TO  
HAVE LOVED  
AND LOST  
THAN NEVER TO  
HAVE  
LOST AT ALL!



# CORNELL

LIN

L

CA

## Cornell

NATHAN .....	118 lb. Class
TRETTER .....	125 lb. Class
HURWITZ .....	135 lb. Class
RICHARDSON .....	145 lb. Class
SCHUMACHER .....	155 lb. Class
BROWNELL .....	165 lb. Class
KROTTS .....	175 lb. Class
WEIGEL .....	Unlimited

CAPTAIN BISHOP OF LEHIGH

THROWING ANDREWS OF IL



"BILLY"

*"No more need be said."*



SCOBEY, LEHIGH'S HEAVYWEIGHT,

THROWING COSNECK OF IL

Globe-Tim

# LEHIGH

## CORNELL

MAX HURWITZ—Cornell's 135 pound intercollegiate wrestling champion defeated Cel Peck by a very slight time advantage in the intercollegiates last year.

FREDRICHARDSON—Received a decision over Gaylord Day in last year's dual meet with Cornell. Richardson also took a second in the intercollegiates in the 145 pound class.

GEORGE TRETTER—Defaulted to Meixell in the fight for third place in the intercollegiates of last year. This year Tretter has stepped up to the 125 pound class and will wrestle Skip Case or Walt Taylor.

WEIGEL — Cornell's representative in the man-mountain class was thrown last year in the intercollegiates by Wolcott in six minutes and fifty-eight seconds.

NATHAN, SCHUMACHER,

BROWNELL, KROTTS — These men are all newcomers to this year's Cornell lineup but each one has proven himself competent in meets so far this season.

## LEHIGH

MILO MEIXEL — Took third place in last year's intercollegiates. So far this season he has been undefeated, having thrown Giglio of Syracuse and Fredericks the National A. A. U. champion of Illin-

ois. Meixell was defaulted to by Plat of Yale.

CASE, TAYLOR—Case has won decisions over Lambert of Syracuse and Shallenberg of Yale. Taylor has lost a decision to Adams of Illinois.

CEL PECK—After a successful last year he has won by time advantage over Pakutansky of Illinois and Valas of Yale so far this year.

GONZALES — Has won two bouts this year by time advantages. The first over Servis of Syracuse and the second over Byington of Yale.

CAPTAIN BEN BISHOP—Intercollegiate champion in 1932 and runner up in 1933. He has taken three decisive victories to date this year, having thrown Sirmone of Syracuse, Andrews of Illinois, and Haase of Yale. Ben stepped up to the 165 pound class for the first two meets.

CROCKETT—Won his first two matches of the season and lost by time advantage to Graham of Yale.

LOUX—Got off to a poor start this year but is showing signs of improvement.

SCOBAY—Lost his first match by a narrow time advantage to Hordines of Syracuse, won a fall over Cosneck of Illinois, and lost by a time advantage to Snowden of Yale. The up and coming heavyweight according to "Billy."



# PUGNACIOUS PEONS PROVE PERSISTENT

RUTHLESS RUSSIAN  
ROUSES RUSTICS

By Eleazer Phnyatsch

Your reporter, in order to determine the cause of the revolution in Mexico (what revolution?) called upon S. Tweetleberries Phnar who appraised your scribe of the true causes of the revolt. What follows is the information given me by our eminent friend, Phnar.

The revolution started when Juan Smith noticed Serge Phnolidge, the rabid Russian immigrant, drinking tequilla in a local campus cabana. Which is enough tequilla. (Uh-O; he started already.) Juan walked over to him and asked: "Are you blue Serge?"

"Blue!" thundered Serge, "I left Paris to avoid becoming a parasite and I've been in Mexico for two years and no revolution yet! A bomb! Give me a bomb!"

"Who's a bom? Stop calling me names!" (That's abombinable!)

Suddenly Gaucho Marx, the Mexican cowboy, entered and shouted, "We want a revolution!"

This sentiment was taken up by the crowd, carried a few paces, and set down at Serge's feet. Serge drained his cup of tequilla with a patent drainer aided by a can of Drano. He then stood up and yelled, "I Hearn what you said. Wanamaker last Gimbel?"

"Yea! Let's have a revolution! We want a revolution!" So the crowd dashed out of the hacienda and started a revolution. That's all there is to tell, so what the hell, boys. What the hell.

## PSUEDO PSICHEHEREZADE PSUES PSTUDENT

ARTISTIC ARABIAN ACTS ACCORDINGLY

The days of the Arabian nights were relieved last Spring when Oscar Pflump, student at Flehigh, played the part of the Sultan and Miss Agatha Wishfort acted as Scherezade in an apartment on West Broad street in Bethlehem. Miss Wishfort is now suing for breach of promise.

About a year ago, Miss Wishfort changes, she met Pflupm at a dance one Friday night. They became friendly and he took her home. Little did she realize at the time that their friendship would turn into an orgy of love, free and otherwise. Oscar now feels that it is otherwise.

After going around together for some time, Agatha says, Pflump told her one night that he had taken an apartment on Broad street but that it did not suit him the way he had the furniture arranged. He asked her to come up and look it over because he felt that a woman knew more about such things than a man.

She consented, not suspecting that anything would go wrong. As a matter of fact, nothing did go wrong until she started looking over a pile of books that were on

the living room table. One of these books was a copy of "Arabian Nights," unexpurgated. She said that she picked up the book and glanced through it. It looked interesting and she started to read some of it. It was so interesting, in fact, that she kept on reading.

The book was too long, Agatha said, to finish in one night. She also said that her parents did not allow her to read books, especially long ones. They think long books keep a person down. So, in order to read the book, she visited Oscar's apartment each night until she had finished the book. She enjoyed it very much, she said.

Then Pflump suggested that they act out some of the stories. This she consented to do. Oscar was the Sultan and Agatha was Scherezade, the babe who told the stories. But, she charged, when they came to the end, Oscar did not go on and finish the whole affair. Because in the book the Sultan marries Scherezade, (he had to, on account of that's the way the story goes) and Pflump did not marry Miss Wishfort.



# Walter Windshield

. . . Sud Whitney expects to get Jane McLaughlin's picture . . . What does Lou Roberts mean when he asks Charlie Smith to see Mary for him? . . .

. . . We have just discovered why a certain blonde, a frequent visitor to Bethlehem, is so amorous . . . We promised not to tell, so Messrs. Pazzetti, Cook, et al. will have to remain in blissful ignorance . . .

. . . Our eminent Shakespearean, Dr. Smith, exemplifies the height of something or other . . . During one of his Shakespeare classes, his secretary came in and said his wife wished to speak to him on the telephone . . . Dr. Smith left the class room . . . He returned shortly and said to the class: "I'm very sorry, but I shall have to dismiss you now. My wife called to tell me that someone is trying to rob my house, so I must leave you."

. . . Another corker about the faculty is this one about "Bosey" Reiter . . . "Bosey" was supposed to get a job as a minister at some church . . . This was a few years after he had graduated from Princeton . . . A local paper carried a story about him accompanied by a picture of an athletic looking man . . . The picture, naturally, was labeled "Howard R. Reiter" . . . Unfortunately, the picture published was a picture of John L. Sullivan !!!

. . . Albert, (formerly Blueboy) Zuckerman is taking reducing pills . . . He has stopped eating bread . . . but he still eats double portions of potatoes . . .

. . . A Sigma Nu junior has a gal at Smith who read so much Russian literature that the atmosphere "got" her . . . Poor Mal finds her so cold . . . Remember the Brown and White's condemnation of last year's Inter-frat Ball checking system . . . We may have made some money, but we did not lose any coats . . .

. . . The Psi U and Theta Delt boys are dancing together on the third. Is sot so! . . . The Chi Psi lodgers are entertaining on the same night. They have stipulated white ties as necessary for admission . . . The next will be a requirement by the Phi Gams for nudity . . .

. . . two Sigma Chis remained too long in a delightful home on Seneca street on a recent Saturday night . . . How about the dope, come on Dan . . . one of the Chi Psi freshmen was lost for four hours one night during initiation . . . searching parties were out combing the mountain when the dear child arrived back at the lodge . . . was his face red . . .

. . . the absent minded Professor of P. E. who arrived thirty minutes early, twenty-four hours late for a dinner engagement . . . the two Pi Delt brothers who showed up for the initiation . . . the crowd at the lecture sponsored by that organization . . . why not have a gridiron banquet? . . .

. . . Smash: were you one of the lucky persons at the inter-frat Brawl, or did you get your own coat and hat back? . . . In the 118-lb. class Smith won; Preston showed up well in the unlimited division . . .

. . . the absence of campus frat club boys from the social season now in progress in the Prospect Ave. section . . . the blue LaSalle of the Delta Phi exception . . . love in Bethlehem fluctuates with the steel stock . . . does it hurt to get burned? . . . ask the week-end hotel brigade . . .

. . . the Chi Psi business seniors have petitioned the district CWA administrator to erect at least one more cinema palace in Bethlehem . . . five theaters, changing their programs at least once the week they declare inadequate . . . and if you go to Allentown, you get stuck several weeks later, because Bethlehem is the next movie stop . . .

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)

## TECHNOFLATION

Whoopville College had a very good wrestling team. In spite of this fact they also had quite a well known faculty, in fact there was only one dunderhead among the professors. He was Professor Whoopniegle, notorious technocrat and inflationest. Unfortunately the professor was not a Professor of Agricultural Economics and Farm Management or Farm Manarement Building and therefore President Roosevelt would not let him experiment with his pet theories on the United States Government.

For many months Professor Whoopniegle consoled himself by writing articles for the Herald Tribune magazine section. Finally he saw his big chance. The students had been voicing complaints against the high cost of admission

to the wrestling meets and the wrestlers were complaining of the amount of physical work that they were required to do.

By thorough experiments and calculations, it was determined that the average wrestler developed 0.846 horse power every time he wrestled. Now everyone knew that the horse power is the work required to do 33,000 foot pounds of work every minute. Thus every wrestler was expanding  $0.846 \times 33,000$  or 27,918 foot pounds of work every time he wrestled. Professor Whoopniegle applied his inflation theory and inflated the foot pounds per minute in a horse power from 33,000 to 66,000. The wrestlers were satisfied because now they had to develop only 0.423 horse power or only half as much as they had to

develop previously.

He also changed the cents in the dollar from 100 to 200 so that now the students had to pay only one-half admission instead of the former one dollar.

However this story has a sad morale to it. Professor Whoopniegle kept inflating his inflation theories until he finally inflated the size of the stine of beer from 8 ounces to 16 ounces. The students could no longer drink their numerals as their capacities refused to be inflated. Student comment and criticism became so bitter that Professor Whoopniegle was finally forced to resign — a broken man.

Respectfully submittied to

The Lehigh Burr.

—Edwin S. Chickering.

Professor Turns Bum  
Headline in College  
Humor.

That's news.



# LOVE IN A PENTHOUSE

— OR —

## LOFTY LADIES LOVE LUST

As told by the that same Master of Passion.  
This is not a dream however.

Time: Plenty.

Characters: All queer.

Miss Lottasex Libertine, a slave to nymphomania.

Lothario, a slave to Lottasex.

Butler, Lottasex's lover, masquerading.

Scene: As the curtain rises we find the heroine seated upon a lounge in the center of the stage, which is set up in the lavish style of a penthouse boudoir. She seems pleased—having heard from her husband who writes that he is very happy with his latest inamorata, Circe, who, he claims, is the only woman who ever understood him, and that they were made for each other. Lottasex is dressed in I don't know what for the lady is draped in a negligee that men would die for, but judging by the translucence of same one would report that she were not over-clad. Enter butler, with a queer mask-like map, carrying sixteen cocktails balanced on one hand and a cut-notice in the other. He drops the latter and the audience gasps.

Lottasex speaks (reproachingly): You clumsy fool, people will realize that you are not a butler and will suspect.

Butler: My one, my only, my undying love,  
Why treat me thus, old gal?  
I want you, I need you,  
I think you're quite the nuts.  
So let us love, and love, and love,  
And love, and love, Oh! Nuts!

Lottasex (laughingly): Don't stop. You're a scream.

Butler (approaching menacingly):  
Do not spurn me thus, my dove;  
For with this knife (draws knife)  
Take I my life  
Unless you return my love.

Lottasex: Why you silly thing, I really believe you mean it. (Stretches out her arms longingly.) Then come to me.

(Butler starts forward stumbling, blinded by his passion. Doorbell rings and he leaves to answer it.)

Butler: (frustrated) Just as I am getting someplace. Heck! (Author's Note — This last may be censored.)

Lottasex (Annoyed): Bells! Belles! Bells! Some competition! Enter Lothario.

Lothario: Darling, God how I have missed you. (He embraces her, she embraces him. They embrace. Printer's note—Some Fun!)

Lottasex: My dear, you have been eating onions again. (Admonishingly) You shall have to sleep with the chauffeur.

Lothario (petulantly): Aw gee, that guy! He sleeps in his underwear and I have awfully tender skin. You know that.

Lottasex (with a sigh): Yes I uh know he does. But you're always complaining. I don't see how mother lived with you for twenty years. You are difficult, but such a dear boy at times.

Lothario: I am not a dear boy. The footman and I are just good friends.

Lottasex (snickeringly): O yeah!

Lothario (Staring madly): You're just jealous; that's all. (He leaps up and strikes an attitude, skinning his knuckles. At the sight of blood, Lottasex, vampire-like, dashes over and falls upon him.)

Lothario (pleadingly): Now, darling?

Lottasex (Loquaciously): No.

Lothario: Darling, if you refuse me now you will destroy me. I love you. I want you.

Lottasex: I love you too, "L" dear, almost enough to marry you, but you know how my husband is.

Lothario (dispairingly): Yeh, just a lousy Bridge player.

Lottasex: How dare you criticize my husband's Bridge! If he were here he would make you stop your lecherous advances.

Lothario (Flaming up): The hell he would. This is a free country. I'll threaten to tell his beloved Circe of his affair with that Broomsdale-Whitney woman. That will stop him.

Lottasex: You nachty man! I hate you—I hate you—I hate you.

(Sobbingly) O darling, were quarreling. We — the perfect couple.

Lothario: We are not quarreling, and I don't like your tone. Shut up.

Lottasex: Don't shout at me. We are so quarreling.

Lothario: The hell we are! How dare you say we're quarreling! (He strikes her. She strikes him. Enter the butler who strikes a match and lights a Murad. He is carrying cocktails, which the combatants seize, and relax at opposite ends of the lounge. The butler stands near Lottasex who beckons him imperceptibly. He shakes his head in the negative, whereupon annoyed, she tries again. He is adamant. She persists and Lothario snickers at her failure.)

Butler (to Lottasex): Sorry mam, but this is my nite off, and I must drop in to see my wife before I go home to my love. I was late getting home last nite. She sent your husband home early and was alone for a whole hour. I never saw such a furious woman; she almost went mad.

(Lottasex persists). No, I tell you, I can't.

(She becomes sullen and when exit the butler she utters a cry of hopeless frustration. Lothario, snake-like, glides across the lounge and grasps her hand.)

Lothario: Now is our chance, dear, we are alone. We shan't be bothered.

Lottasex (playfully): No, you darling, I'm too tired.

Lothario (imploringly): Please, dear. Don't refuse me; it means the end.

Lottasex (adoringly): Very well, I shall go, but I don't see why you can't pick out your own neckties.

●  
There was a young man from  
Peru  
Who didn't know what to do . . .  
So he spent 15 minutes a day  
reading  
Dr. Elliot's Five Foot Shelf.

●  
Due to an error, Mr. and Mrs.  
Rudolph Denton were the par-  
ents of a six pound girl born in  
the Massachusetts General hospi-  
tal in Boston, rather than the  
Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago.  
—Boston Transcript.

●  
Again the world wakes, trou-  
bled by news rather depressing.  
New York radicals, "Reds," or-  
ganized demonstrations, not very  
effective. One "Red" boy bit a  
policeman. You cannot change  
the social order by biting.

—Brisbane, L. A. Examiner.

No, but you sure get the "Po-  
liceman" sore as hell that way.



swiped from the LYRE

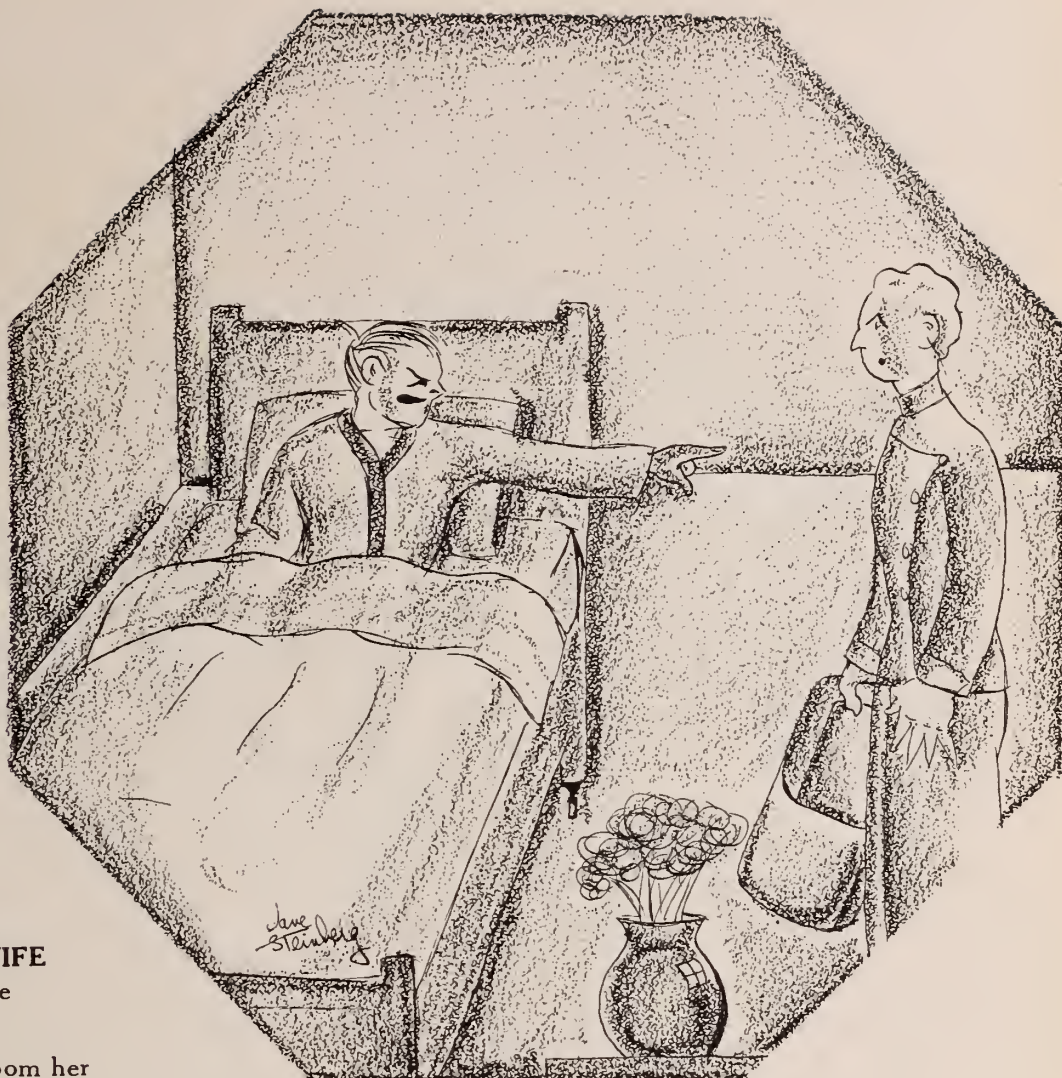
## EASTON IDYLL

Once upon a time, some Lafayette students in search of life, love, and libidos, hied themselves to Bedlam in order to publish a humor magazine. When they got there, the treasury was bare and so they swiped some old, old BURR cuts from the printer's back-room. Now a knight of the BURR, valiant and ever alert, saw what the visiting firemen had done, and he thought himself a thought. "What's good for the curs is good for the Burrs," and promptly he swiped a few LYRE engravings. But the BURRower was not without a sense of value, having been duly instructed in the laws of supply and demand, and also Biology. Accordingly, instead of swiping old, diseased and decrepit engravings he swiped the new ones . . . pretty ones all bound with pink ribbons and bedecked with the bolonial crest of Lafayette.

And that, little Roscoe, is how all the fun began. If this goes any further you'll find the BURR in the LYRE cover and vice versa. We shall present the vice and leave the versa humor to the LYRE. And in conclusion . . . or should we go on, we think that if our "Swipe cut" system continues we'll all be making money . . . honey.



A certain Phi Gam has been receiving a good deal of mail of late. This increased volume of mail is especially amusing in that the subject matter of these letters is of grave intellectual significance; among the letters we find a dissertation on the subject, "How to Become a High Class Detective in Ten Lessons," and many other discussions on such topics as, "How I Can Be the Life of the Party," "A Superman in Thirty Days," "How to Master the Trombone by Mail" and others. His most prized one is a hearty invitation to become a Full-fledged member of the "Lonely Hearts Club." If you are ever approached by a curly red-headed lad denying the above mentioned accusations, tell him not to let his trombone lessons slide.



### THE AD MAN'S WIFE

This is the tale of an ad man's wife

A tragic glimpse into her life

A jibe at the Ftates that cruelly doom her

To play the role of the "Great Consumer"

Of how her advertising spouse

Goes snooping for copy around the house

While he drives her near the brink of distraction

With his "Dear, I'd like to get your reaction"

"What makes you buy this brand of flour?"

"What do you think of the Fleischmann hour?"

"Does your bridge club think of "pink tooth brush?"

"Do you like this ad for "Baby Mush?"

At night when she reads her magazine

The copy man's light in his eyes may be seen.

As he slyly watches to trace the cause

Should some other ad make her pause

"Was it the headline that caught your eye?"

"Or was it that picture of cherry-pie?"

"Oh you silly dear," she replies without blinking

It wasn't the ad—I was simply thinking

Yes thinking that she perhaps should have wed

A plumber, a barber, or cop instead.

—Printer's Ink Monthly.

"Get out you panhandler!"

### EMOTION

A man was discovered by his wife one night standing over his baby's crib. Silently she watched him As he stood looking down at the sleeping infant, she saw in his face, a mixture of emotions—rapture, doubt, admiration, despair, ecstasy, incredulity. Touched and wondering alike at this unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions the wife with eyes glistening arose and slipped her arms around him.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said in a voice tremulous. He blurted them out:

"For the life of me, I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for three forty-nine."

—Exchange

# FACULTY FOLLIES OF 1934

The Faculty Member was justly proud of his voice. Whenever he could, he would steal away to the empty faculty meeting room to croon to Euterpe, Muse of Lyric Song. Here he joyfully ranged from a sickening allegro tremolo to a grating basso profundo and recorded every note on a concealed recording phonograph. So preoccupied was he in his vanity that, on the afternoon of a scheduled faculty meeting, he completely forgot it was sewing-circle day, cleared his throat, and started the phonograph. A moment later and his colleagues entered, forcing him to flee and leave the phonograph running. Ye Burro has long ears and a canny brain so we have the pleasure of presenting the profound conversation which was recorded before the phonograph ran down.

Scratch, Scratch, Scratch . . . "The three greatest metallurgists in the world were talking together and I said to the other two—"

‘Bah! These narrow engineering minds always talking shop! Now, let me tell you gentlemen about the Rhodes scholar’s dinner I attended in Philly and a few of the remarks I made. Why, gentlemen, it was magnificent! Superb! Colossal! Any one with even the merest embryonic esthetic nature could not but fail to—’

“The learned doctor’s mouth works like an out of phase oscillograph but it’s all one frequency: l, l, l, l, l, l, l, . . .”

"There you go arguing by analogy again. It's people like you who keep Liberty, and the Post going. I've often said that professors who argue by analogy are talking through their hats. Take me now. I come right out with it. 'Mae West is abreast of the times,' says I, and everybody knows what I mean."

"Oh, yes, I understand you were all hipped up over that subject the other night?"

"Gentlemen, please to remember this is a faculty meeting. Cuss and smutty remarks are to be avoided lest the tone of this dignified gathering be lowered to one approximating that of the disgraceful student riot we had some time ago."

"Yes sir, we think your point is both valid and well-taken."

"Ugh! Look who's on his holier-than-thou horse now. Why—"

"Let's talk about something safe. Beastly weathah we've been having lately, what?"

Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,

Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.'

"Right! And it burns me up. A splendid opportunity to put a little backbone into the boys and,

instead, we've gotta drill them inside! Prospects look good for a little argument in a year or two and, believe me, we'll need lots of good cannon fodder then. Besides, if something does go wrong and we don't have a war, it'll be swell training for life."

"My goodness! Aren't these military people disgusting! As Emerson says—or was it Omar Khayyam? No. How stupid of me. It's that famous verse from Genesis which says, 'The Encyclopedia Britannica lists three kinds of intelligence in their proper order: Intelligence, Human; Intelligence, Animal; and Intelligence, Military'."

“Ah'm a pahs'fist mahself, suh, and Ah don't b'lieve the Army fits one foah Life. Mah experience has been that most of Life's problems can be solved by applyin' the basic principles of mahth'mahtics. Take, foah example, the simple case of permutations and combinations. Ah've been neglecting classes lately to work out what the chances are that all the molecules in the Empiah State building may move upwards at the same time and thus raise the building 11.39 inches. It's in things like these that mahth'mahtics—”

“Ah, yes—pardon the interruption, my dear professor—but you are right. Permutations are the thing! Everything is in a state of flux, of constant mutation, a state which is unchanging. ‘Vanitas, Vanitatum,’ saith the preacher, ‘all is vanity.’ Awake! Arise! Get the cosmic urge, my dear colleagues. All about us is pulsating—”

"Why doesn't that fellow pulsate on a soap box under the stars where he's be alone? He gives me a headache.

Pulsate, pulsate headache malific,

Fain would I give thee some healing specific.

Loftily sconced in my top-piece vacatious

Buzzing around like a queen bee pugnacious!"

"Elegant! An elegant verse! But to return to the subject immediately preceding: I agree with our mathematical friend. Life should be reduced to a simple formula—a peg you can always hang your hat onto. One where you could substitute door knobs or a straw hat and still get the right answer. That's all I understand."

"Mention of the problems of life reminds me of the play lavatories at the World's Fair. They were a standing joke. What would you use as a formula there?"

"Let the matter drop . . . Scratch, Scratch, Scratch.

The record was ended, but its memory lingered on. Let the faculty remember:

"The Moving Needle writes; and, having writ,



## DAIRY OF A PRACTICAL JOKER

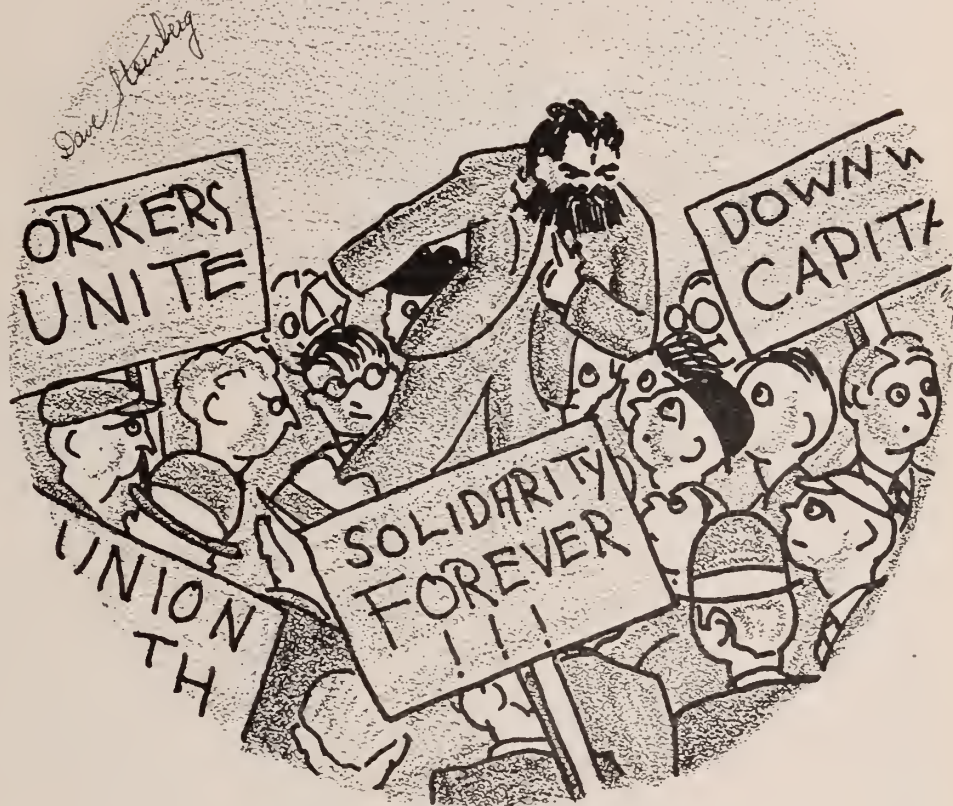
Feb. 3. Morning. Wotta day! Got up early this morning and swiped all the alarm clocks so the boys could not make their 8 o'clocks. Cut my nine o'clock so I could go down to the cloak room in Packard lab and change all the coats around. What a mad scramble they had, and what fun I had. Put a blackboard eraser, laden with chalk, over the classroom door so it fell down on the prof when he entered.

Afternoon. Yelled for the opponents during the wrestling meets. Dumped sneezing powder into the hat of the gent next to me. Haw! Haw! Spilled seventeen beers on people at the Maennerchor and was responsible for the spilling of nineteen more. Put pepper in the water of dinner companions. Opened the windows in the checkroom so all the stubs were blown away. Then pushed over the lockers thereby getting the whole works mixed up. Snickered at roommate who appeared i neuxedo, not being able to find his tails. I wonder why he couldn't Wisecracked in front of the dean. Was that fun. Put a dirty hand on all the exposed feminine backs. Loosened the skid-chains on all the cars. Released the brakes and let them bunch up at the bottom of the hill.

Morning again. Got back to the fraternity early and after locking the rest out went upstairs to pull all the blankets and linen off the beds. Wotta time! Wotta Time!!

Ogden Nash  
Writes with — .

John Dos Passos  
Appeals to the massos.



*"Marx? — How the hell do I know who Marx was?"*

### Shades of Chic Sale and all the little specialists!

During a recent radio program sponsored by the manufacturers of Ex-Lax, the announcer, Paul Douglas, concluded his advertising spiel, which extolled the advantages of the product and the necessity of "keeping regular," with the timely announcement that Isham Jones' next number would be "Sitting on a Log." Our best friends are always telling us this is a wonderful country to live in.

I love you dear, but we must have a divorce:  
The way you kiss you'd drown a horse!

### ODD, ISN'T IT?

When one of the Burr's jokes are published in some other campus comic (which is often, to be sure) that's fine, but—when one of the Burr's offerings are reprinted in the "Christian Intelligencer"—that's news!

The joke published in the Feb. 15th issue of that paper is as follows:

Mr. Newlywed (at dinner):  
Dear, what kind of a pie is that?

Mrs. Newlywed: Rhubarb, darling.

Mr. Newlywed: Well, why did you make such a large one?

Mrs. Newlywed: Because I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb.

## *Safeguard Your Health*

Use

### *MOWRER'S MILK*

Phone 2687

He—"Where did you develop those powerful legs."

She—"Oh, I hike a great deal."

He—"And those large arms?"

She—"You see I play tennis a lot."

He—"Yeah, and I see you ride a lot."

—Lord Jeff

When I don't want a man's attention and he asks where I live, I say, "in the dorm."

Splendid! And where do you really live, Miss Fogg?

In the dorm, Mr. Jaeger.

—The Drexerd

A fellow and his girl had been to the movies; afterwards, they decided to go to her house and dance. They turned on the radio and got some fine dance music. They were enjoying themselves immensely when the girl's father suddenly appeared on the scene. Without a word of warning, he seized the young man and threw him out of the house. Still aching and puzzled, the boy called up his girl the next day to find out the reason he had been handled so roughly.

"Well, the trouble is, dear," she replied, "father is deaf and he didn't hear the music."

—Lyre

Preacher—"Well, now pahson."

Preacher—"That's a fine goose you got there Brudder Jones, whar did you git such a beauty?"

Bro. Jones—"Well now pahson, when yo preach a speshul sermon I never axes yo' where yo' got it. I hopes yo' will show me de same considerations."

## WALTER WINDSHIELD

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

... Flash: It is rumored the Psi U's expect to build another dining room with house attached . . . Still

... Splash: the Sigma Nu's left their igloos but returned without drowning a single freshman . . . Said one to another, "They swallow sleep later" . . . Crash: a certain Chi Phi was fortunate enough to have the privilege of buying a new Lincoln after his last one was deposited in the E. P. Wilbur Trust . . .

... Rash: just recently it was reported that the wrestling mats were infested with an itch worse than "inpatiga" . . . The truth is that there are nine Chi Psi's sweating on it daily . . . Clash: it is inter-fraternity competition in everything . . . Good morning Miss Clouse . . .

... Trash: last week it was reported that men leaving their homes, behind the stadium, for the steel works wore top hats, carried flasks, etc. . . . that's the hats of something . . . "doon't ever dooo that"

... Did you see the interclass wrestling medals . . . the winners wouldn't take them . . . did Bart feel cheap . . .

... we are glad we do not find it necessary to review the recent production, we use the word with trepidation, of "The Pirates of Penzance" . . . words fail . . . had we not known the operetta, we should not have been any the better off for our money . . .

... Chi Phi senior captures heart of local girl . . . that's all she had to give . . . what is opposite the Post Office in Easton? . . . What is the matter with Hoppock? . . . we can't tell you, but thanks for the letters inquiring . . . we still welcome contributions

... only please keep them clean . . . we like the others, but the Board of Publications does not . . . don't overlook the hostess at the Hotel Bethlehem

... she is always delighted with an invitation to dinner . . . Phi Gamms excepted . . . why? . . . ask the good, rich beauty in the said house . . . the new plans of Mustard and Cheese . . . we hear that O. D. K. is asking Eichelberger to testify at a future meeting . . . those boys seem sincere in their determination to get the crookedness out of politics . . .



## Morris G. Snyder

*Distinctive Merchant Tailoring*

Broad and New Streets

Bethlehem, Pa.

Fuzzy: "Dad, do you remember the story you told me about how you were kicked out of college?"

Dad: "Sure, why?"

Fuzzy: "Isn't it funny how history repeats itself?"

—Battalion

At the age of sixteen I was left an orphan.  
Really? What did you do with it?

—Phoenix

The Devil sends the wicked wind  
To raise the skirts thigh high  
But heaven is just  
And sends the dust  
To close the bad man's eye.

—Red Cat

Mr. and Mrs. Murdock announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elaine Murdock, to Mr. Ruben Hughey, of Los Angeles. Miss Murdock has been loving quietly in town since her graduation from Savage two years ago.

—Madison W. Va. Argus

### Lullaby

Cheer up, little bull-dog,  
Life's not all so gray.  
You too, will have bull-dogs  
Of your own some day.

—Lampoon

Lecturer—"I speak the language of wild animals."  
Voice in rear—"Next time you meet a skunk, ask him what's the big idea."

—Reserve Red Cat

# A double hit!



**SUE:** That smells good. Wish I could say the same for all pipe tobacco.

**SAM:** Tastes good, too. And you can't say THAT about all pipe tobacco either.

**SUE:** That makes it a double hit—pleases the ladies, pleases the men. What's the secret?

**SAM:** Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant.

**SUE:** So what?

**SAM:** In those leaves you get the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.

**SUE:** You mean Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows?

**SAM:** Right.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum pocked tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.


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**ALLENTOWN, PENNA.**

#### EVOLUTION

My Dear Miss Smith:

Dear Miss Smith:

Dear Mary:

Mary Dear:

Dearest Mary:

Mary Darling:

Mary, Beloved:

My Soulmate:

Darling Wife:

Dear Mary:

Hello, Mame:

Pay to the order of Mrs. Mary S. Jones:

—Chicago Phoenix

Dean (to frosh)—Do you know who I am?

Frosh—No, I don't but if you can remember your address I'll take you home.

—Exchange

Bing: What do you mean kicking my dog? He don't even bite.

Bang: Yes, but he raised his leg, and I thought he was going to kick me.

—Ram Morgue

Newlywed (honeymooning in the West), wired to his boss—Please give extension of vacation; it is wonderful up here.

Boss replied: Come back at once; it is wonderful any place.

—Illinois Siren

#### VERY SHORT STORY

The professor's secretary saw a magnificent blond carrying some papers enter the office smiling sweetly.

"Lissen, ya lousy co-ed," snarled the jealous secretary, "if you try to muscle in on my territory, I'll plant you among the potatoes."

"Hell, don't mind me," answered the other, "I'm only the professor's wife."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer

A sweet young thing aboard a train seemed interested in everything that happened on the rattler. When the testy old conductor collected her ticket, she asked him: "Why did you wave your hand to the engineer as we were leaving that station?"

The old grouch looked at her and said: "That meant get the hell out of here!"

A few moments later the skipper regretted his harsh words, and came back to the girl in order to apologize.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "for my words of a while ago, I beg your . . ."

The coy young thing interrupted by a mere wave of the hand!

—Witt



# McCaa Studios

## DAWNING

The morn is dark and drear, boys,  
Rain drums upon the ground;  
I'm going, but I fear, boys,  
I'm on my last go 'round.

The chimes sound faint and far, boys,  
Above the howling wind;  
I wish I could stay har', boys,  
Or, like a fish, be finned.

Oh, let me eat my fill, boys,  
To nerve me for the shock—  
Then, ho! it's up the Hill, boys,  
To make an 8 o'clock.

—Widow

●

A Tech freshman when forced to apply at the Oakland Police Station for lodging and asked his name, replied that it was Smith.

"Give me your real name," he was ordered.

"Well," said the applicant, "put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better," the officer told him. "You can't bluff me with that Smith stuff."

—Puppet

●

"Just think, Dan tried to put his arm around me four times last night."

"My Gawd, what an arm!"

—Mercury

●

Little Boy—What was the name of that last station we passed, Mother?

Mother—I don't know. Don't bother me, I'm reading a story.

Little Boy—It's too bad you don't know 'cause little brother got off there.

—The Log

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Gunnery Officer—See that man on that bridge over there three miles away?

Gunner—Yes, sir.

Officer—Let him have a couple of 75's in the eye.

Gunner—Which eye, sir?

—Army and Navy Journal

●

Patriotic Chinese Lady (to her countryman who is milking a cow—"See here, why aren't you at the front?")

Chinee—"Me'em milk 'em in back, ma'am. Nothing doing in the front."

—Log

●

Nervous Suitor—"Sir, er—that is, I would like to—er—that is, I mean I have been going with your daughter for five years—"

Father—"Well, whaddye want—a pension?"

—Penn Punch Bowl



# POSTERIOR SCRIPTS



Our last semester has begun and with it comes a summation of our four years, our college days, accountable only to ourselves, but saddening in its revelation. We look back somewhat bitterly at the system prevalent at Lehigh whereby the honorary societies and the publications have composed their memberships. From our now distinterested viewpoint we feel that both senior and junior honorary societies would, if abolished, leave Lehigh bereft of nothing save an odorous and offensive stench which their existence had kept alive. The stench to which we refer is that of the Machiavellian corruption whereby a minority of fraternities placed men in offices and positions for which they were not fitted, nor were they interested sufficiently to perform the duties appointed for their doing. I blush not nor do I shrink in my last days in stating that none can cast stones, neither the BURR, ODK nor Cyanide nor Mustard and Cheese, to name a few of the pre-eminent politically manipulated organizations.

The process of grooming an ODK member is apparent to everyone in the University, and on it

sex-faire among the majority permitting it to the minority. No Communistic rebel are we but rather a seeker after justice and hater of corruption. In the freshman year the untarnished youth is initiated into the machinations of politics. He is sent out for every activity and manages by hook or by the crookedness of his fratres to place himself on the staff, or secure membership, according to the activity. During the past year we have seen the results of such training when juniors, not one or two or three but many, have come to us with the query whether they might draw a picture for the Burr in order to gain admittance to our supposedly sacred fold that they might present the points for ODK. Many are honest in their designs, being open and frank in their assertions knowing no other course as the result of their university-political training. Others securing the products of another's skill present it as their own, a thing repugnant to anyone who has ever created, whether it be with clays or stone or brushes or type.

That such procedure should be permitted, even extolled, seems to

us to be a fundamental weakness in this student body whence, supposedly, emanate leaders of men, pillars of the nation, yet violators for four years of the rights of decent students' activities.

We choose not to present cases, for you readers . . . if there be any . . . are the fellows of those of whom I speak and can, through your own eyes, see and recognize those from whom I speak. Look about you at the puppets and the system which nursed them. It is amusing, when nearing one's college end, but it is disheartening to the freshman and sophomore and junior who with naught but his own initiative and willingness to work, bucks up against the "machine."

Speak not of people who live in glass houses, for we are fully aware, and frankly disgusted, that the BURR is a livid scar festering with the political germs mentioned above. Our only regret comes when reading the old issues of this publication, as is our pleasure, and realizing that like New York City's financial structure, it has been pillaged and is dying as a result of political filth.

—The BURRgomeister.



**LIFE SAVER . .** "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try'em?

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Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin, here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the **Life Saver** flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

## “Things for Men”

# Stand by for the April BURR

in which we present

# Why A Burro?

an interview by Plutarch Phnyatsch  
with BURRman Norman Alper  
creator of the Burro  
as Lehigh's mascot



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It's astounding

It's sensational


It's the whole truth and more

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HAUSER



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*They  
Satisfy*

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